

contents of the first *Thought out of Season*, gave a vent to feelings that had inspired me long before, as a student, in the midst of German culture and cultured Philistinism (I claim the paternity of the now much used and misused phrase "cultured Philistinism "). What I said against the " historical disease " I said as one who had slowly and laboriously recovered from that disease, and who was not at all disposed to renounce "history" in the future because he had suffered from her in the past. When in the third *Thought out of Season* I gave expression to my reverence for my first and only teacher, the *great* Arthur Schopenhauer—I should now give it a far more personal and emphatic voice—I was for my part already in the throes of moral scepticism and dissolution, that is, as much concerned with, the criticism as with the study of all pessimism down to the present day. I already did not believe in " a blessed thing," as the people say, not even in Schopenhauer. It was at this very period that an unpublished essay of mine, " On Truth and Falsehood in an Extra-Moral Sense," came into being. Even my ceremonial oration in honour of Richard Wagner, on the occasion of his triumphal celebration at Bayreuth in 1876—Bayreuth signifies the greatest triumph that an artist has ever won—a work that bears the strongest stamp of "individuality," was in the background an act of homage and gratitude to a bit of the past in me, to the fairest but most perilous calm of my sea-voyage . . . and as a matter of fact a severance and a farewell. (Was Richard Wagner mistaken on this point ? I do not think so. So long as we still love, we do not paint such picflres,